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Photo by Keith Legerat

May The Long Time Sun Shine Upon You

PAWPRINT



Fear & Loathing at CSCSB

by NORM CAQUETTE



Appearances and Disguises

This is addressed to the dudes
at the Mountaineer Night Club in Rim Forest
who knew me and ignored me
because I wasn't wearing a halter top
and have gained six pounds

We are all on display.
Products in a Safeway store.
A new cereal comes out each
week with its well written
chest of promises.
We eat a television commercial
and suffer from early morning
let down.
The blues at 10 a.m.
Hypoglycemia¹ of the mind.

We live like advertisements
and learn to love men who
wear mustaches.
The Robert Redfords
we have imagined into truth.

I am attracted to
good looking men.
Dudes who belong on television
but not in my living room,
like the mountain man,
my recurring symbol in blue jeans,
the perfect face Sundance Kid
who's like the movie star
I can't touch.
He's got the marketing features
every woman wants to marry;
quick selling body:
a box of Wheaties
that guarantees strength
yet leaves me weak
and sickly

I want what looks good
on the counter,
the newest brand in
the grocery store.

the shag hair cut
under a cowboy hat
at the bar.
A cereal with all the gimics.

I'm the woman
who buys Trix, Alphabets,
Post Toasties and Sugar Puffs
because they have
a superficial beauty,
because I am attracted
by physical appearance
and have denied this flaw
in myself
until tonight when you
ignored me
the handsome, popular packages
of Trix
disguised as dudes
in cowboy shirts
with perfect faces
the mountain man
with the mustache
that is a gimic
a trademark I can identify
in my search for
handsome men
that can be packaged
and sold like cereal.

¹Hypoglycemia - low blood sugar; aggravated
by high intake of carbohydrates.

marcia muldoon



Photo by Keith Legerat

Looking down at the road
Through the rain,
I've been this way before
It was years ago today,
So far away...

Was it really me
It had to be
For, if it wasn't me
Who was she

Before I sleep
After the lights are low,
More often that not,
in the candle's glow
I look at you and know—
question after question.

Awaited stares
dictate the performance.

A character with two-bit lines,
trampled by callous feet.

Self-esteem awaiting the next audition.

No applause warranted.

Mary Doran

Night-time,
Conflict between our souls.
Kisses betray my secrets.
Your touch concealed behind love
that has no reply.

You bombard me with mere bullshit!

Mary Doran

There was no curtains, but the blinds were closed, and
the morning sunlight gave the room a golden brown
light. The steam heater was shut off, and its
coiled accordion metal was cold. He was on the
sofa, and he followed the carpet's maroon floral
design with his eyes. He followed it to the wall,
where one stick of pure sunlight had escaped the
yellow blinds, then he got up, and went outside.

He looked at the house, then he looked at his shoes. He
did not have a long way to go.
He watched his shoes move to the sidewalk, and there was
sidewalk in sunlight, sidewalk in shade. It was
old sidewalk, and there mounds of wet leaves
in the gutter.
There was no one walking yet, and the beauty shop in the
house on the corner was still closed.
He watched his shoes move across the faded blacktop of the
street, the usual markings were there. There was no
walk on the other side, and he watched his shoes go
over the path that had been worn in the grass.

He was almost there.

He walked across the parking lot, and the white parking
lines were broken. He took in the morning aroma of
the doughnut shop, and sat down in the sunlight, on the
green park bench in front of the supermarket. Then he
removed the letter from his suit pocket, and began
reading.

He read very slowly, and after he finished, he read it
again. A clerk from the post office passed, he
called the clerk sir, and asked him for the time.
Then he found his place in the letter.

A friend came. He carefully folded the letter up, and
they sat and talked. He watched the people walk by,
and after a while, he friend had to go. He unfolded
the letter, and smoothed the creases out, then
he looked down at his shoes.

He did not have a long way to go.
Daniel Lewis

Am I?
I'm not sure.
Are you?
Please let me know.

I'm afraid
of myself, you.
I can't seem to touch on anything.
You've been hiding almost as well.

Come out, take me to the place
where all is free.

I know it's just another game.
But maybe together we'll find the truth.

Mary Doran



Photo by Keith Legerat

Poor Good-looking Young Men
(at the pubs in Big Bear)

The thought of money addicts me
to Yellow Porche's
and moves me to tell you
the perfect-faced ski instructor
with the V.W. van, that it's
late and my cabin is too small
Guilt:

After I sent you away
on Saturday
I re-evaluated my motives
for rejecting your generous offer
I wondered if you hadn't mentioned that
the beer at Bogarts was too
expensive, if I would have slept
with you on the floor
even though I'm allergic to dust?

The notion of someone having
enough money to buy drinks all
evening without asking the price
sparks my monetary lust.
The question arises of whether or
not I would allow a man,
who owned a yellow Porche and
could afford costly liquor
to share my body as well as my bed?

I am more turned on by money than
sex or love. Knowing this about myself
I shouldn't have sat with you at the
bar, wearing Michele's white sweater
without a bra
(which I would have worn if I had had
the bread two weeks ago)
When I discovered you were a ski
instructor, living in California
where the snow is artificial
even in December,
I should have explained that
with poor, good-looking, long
haired twenty-five year old mountain men
who have nice bodies but lousy
credit.

If I were the sort of person
I am always hoping to meet:
honest.
I would have explained my
fascination with wealthy middle-age
lawyers.
instead of using
the size of my house
as a way to abandon
you.
Even though
it was late
and Michele was in
a rotten mood
I can't help thinking
I would have let you un-
roll the sleeping bags
if you had ordered
Blue Nun wine at Bogarts
instead of complaining
about the price of Coors.

Does the love of money
overshadow human emotion?
Why is a woman who takes
money for sex a slut
and a man a swinging single?
Can I love someone
and settle for grubby
V.W. cans without
door handles?

After awhile a person wants tangible
objects to hold onto
when the illusive ones are taken
away.
Has it become intellectually
impossible for me to care
for a man who offers
nothing
but an endless week-end of
beer bottles and dirty sheets?

Marcia Muldoon



Photo by Keith Legerat

The breath of the sun arises,
beckoning the moist air
to the morning's awareness.

Sleep like an envelope
seals my eyes shut.
My mind starts to wander back.

I remember you saying that morning,
as the creation, must be spent in homage.
Not idled away in hazy slumber.

Today I awake to the rays of adornment.
I see us all in it's splendid allurements.
A silver platter at my fingertips
abounding.

Mary Doran

Originally entitled
when the author
Health.

For most of the
You may say the
Quizzes, exams,
But no children

Most of them do
Cancer or stroke
But they are as
just broke.

Every month I
and take a look
That is for gas
and that is for

Then I draw a
that is my check
My check never
A "bill attack"
say at twenty.

Then I have to
coming ahead
Where I can't
Neither in class

So, I follow my
of the student's

Thou shalt not
hot water needs
gas costs more
OH...Alas!

Thou shalt not
Sixty is enough
Otherwise the
will be kind of

Thou shalt not
to a fancy dinner
For that you
and at your de
you better sit.

P.S.:
"Those were the
I am sure glad
or...did they?

Dr. Amer El-A



"The Student's Life", the poem was written in 1968
 as a graduate student at the U.C.L.A School of Public

idents
 is their life
 the girl friends
 wife.
 not suffer
 all as me,
 before my budget
 es and rent
 ok.
 y day plan
 "expected life span"
 es to be thirty
 cks it down

g days
 r in bed.
 n abbreviated ammendments
 commandements.

hot water too much

hundred watts

h.

your date
 nd a movie
 quit

ays my friend"
 y could end.



Photo by Keith Legerat

Poems come out of Gesthemane,
 the garden where saviors go.

The fertile faces of men in touch
 with them, show the cool
 orchards rising from the afternoon
 path, that is crossed with
 the shadows of olive trees,
 and there is a wall.

The fertile faces of men in touch
 with men, show the cemeteries
 of New Mexico, placed in the
 churchyards of picket fences, where
 yellow weeds stalk the wooden crosses,
 and there is a marker.

The fertile faces of men in touch
 with them, show the earth
 uncovering catacombs of neurons,
 that touche one common existence:
 The one that unites
 the faces
 of all men suffering, and buries
 deep in the hours of blood
 sweat, seeding all pain
 with new dimensions,
 cutting, opening wounds; to
 rescue an old image of
 wax, where black shawls
 light candles, kneel, and call out
 a name,
 in the stained glass fire
 of Gesthamane.

Daniel E. Lewis



Photo by Keith Legerat

Vinyl Shortage

by John Woodhouse

A Brief Aside or a State of the Business Report.

For many years I've pondered why America and Britain are the focus of the best of contemporary rock music. Assuming that it's a product of a post-literate industrial society, why aren't we grooving to the sounds of Japanese or Australian bands? Is it because everywhere else views it as garbage and wouldn't demean themselves to even consider it? No, this can't be other wise Beatles records wouldn't sell for a fortune in Russia and Melody Maker wouldn't be avidly scoured in Yugoslavia (we don't even have to consider the socialist domain, rock is bourgeois there and that's that). Maybe the case is more sinister. Are secret economic forces denying non U.S.-English, access to the means of global dissemination? Kind of like, "we don't want any foreigners carving up the apple pie!" More knowledge of monopolistic trade practices would answer this. Can it be then that no one else has the brains to plug in a couple of instruments and produce something of worth? Intelligence has never been so culturally specific before, so why now?

Of course if you don't sing in English, you might have a problem. In their own country a band might be ripping open the brain cells, but to make the big bucks, they are going to have to play England and America and this requires a change of pace to English lyrics. I suspect that the truth lies within all these premises; most European bands would agree that because of culture lag and relative material deprivation, you can only make it big by playing the American circuits. Here and to a lesser extent in Britain are where the record labels are housed and this is where the exposure is. Thus any foreign talent which has the fortitude and luck to emerge into the footlights, is immediately grabbed and repackaged for this market.

Rule Britannia

So Britain and America is where the music is at. We know what is going on here, but what is that little island up to recently, besides a civil war which is bringing about a total collapse of the present order. For a little sortie through the current British music scene, keep reading.

At opposite ends of the music spectrum, exciting changes are going down in Britain. Not content with the current uniformity of most of rock music, a few groups are tentatively exploring new territory in the hope of producing something which is not a pale, disguised imitation of the old. The mainstream carries on (like Man, the Who through John Entwistle and Mick Ronson, late of Bowie and Mott the Hoople, who I will consider later) producing fine music, but nothing which is really breathtaking or original. Every one keeps wondering when the next "Sergeant Pepper" or "Tommy" will arise; no need to look too far anymore, because the mid 70's version has arrived in the disguise of two musicians named appropriately, *Seventh Wave*.

No one can doubt that the future lies in synthesizers, being everyone's answer to incipient

megolomania. With just a few keyboards, the whole world is at a couple of fingertips. Thus a complete orchestra can be conjured up at the stroke of a hand, through judicious use of the complex techniques of modern recording. Rock music because of the sparsity of its instrumentation has always lacked the depth and consequently the epic quality which full orchestral classical music has inspired. The synthesiser and Seventh Wave have bridged that gap.

Playing assorted keyboards, 4 brands of synthesiser and a complex range of percussion instruments, Ken Elliott's and Kieran O'Connor's, "Things to come" (Janus Records) is a mainly instrumental, musical transposition of some of H.G. Wells futuristic writings. Side one portrays a gloomy landscape of future shock; the great capitalist dream teeters on its shaky foundations, finally to suffocate in its own wastes. Then the Golden Dawn begins to blossom on side two till paradise is realised again when society evolves into the world view of the Eloi, in complete harmony with the earth.

Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells" opened the floodgates for this form of music and although it was an auspicious achievement, taking every one by surprise, in comparison to "Things to Come" it appears rather simplistic in its technical quality. "Things to Come" works so well because it is superbly played and wholly complete in its conception.

The scenario opens with the instrumental, *Sky Scraper* setting the mood and style of the album; Elliott's synthesiser slowly builds the pace and breadth of the piece until a grand orchestrated, almost carnival atmosphere is produced. Then we glide into 'Metropolis,' one of the four vocal tracks. The dark future limbo is painted here in all its dreary might - world and city are synonymous and nothing works with the complete breakdown of the social infrastructure. Further tracks on this side, add more musical weight to this image of man made carnage. Feelings of desperation-fear are produced on 'Intercity Water Rat,' Elliott being in his element here, extracting weird, alien electronic sounds to blend this secret horror of underground life. Apart from the soft, beautifully compelling, lyrical 'Smog, Fog and Sunset,' the music on this side is generally speedy and harsh, reflecting its subject matter. 'Fail to See' closing side one, falls into this mold with Elliott singing like a strained Stevie Marriott, propelled along by an untimely reggae beat.

Musically, side one is more fragmented than side two, where no weak moments are given a chance to protrude. As an opening, 'Premonition' alludes to the awakening of intelligence in the apes of "2001." The depth of feeling evoked, heralds the new consciousness which will transform humans and animals out of their mirky surroundings. From this combination of ethereal voices, deep rumbling bass drone and soaring supernatural organ chords, we flow into the light bouncing romp of 'Festival' which contains echoes of the final cut, 'Dance of the Eloi.'

The last four tracks make up a clever, superbly executed tribute to the musical styles of the 1960's. This collage of brief tidbits ranges in scope from 'Grapevine' soul to snatches of psychedelic music; '1999½' even builds to an amazing

electronic version of the '1812 Overture', with crashing kettle drums. Finally, 'Dance of the Eloi' waltzes off into the airwaves with the most incredible, rousing synthesised reggae-ska beat I have ever heard!

Without a doubt, *Seventh Waves* 'Things to Come' is one of the most important works to surface in a couple of years. Regrettably, without a doubt also, hardly anyone will hear it when there has been little publicity to proclaim its arrival. Such is the fate of many great artistic works.

While the space boys have been ploughing their astral paths, another dedicated group of musicians has been digging deeper into the British psyche and resurrecting traditional folk material. Bands such as the Strawbs and Fairport Convention are fairly well known here now, however, *Gryphon* with its own peculiar search, is still languishing in the wings.

Gryphon has been investigating classical English roots for some time, though unlike Fairport or the Strawbs, their emphasis lies in renaissance dance music. John Renbourn of the late Peniangle, made a brief attempt to incorporate this music into a modern idiom and now *Gryphon* does it full justice on "Red Queen to Gryphon Three" (Bell Records), blending bassoons, recorders and tympani with the modern electricity of guitars and keyboards.



Their exciting synthesis was heard on this continent when they toured with Yes and this meeting produced the comment from Rick Wakeman that they are the best musicians in the world! Such compliments must be grounded in fact and the expertise displayed on "Red Queen..." would attest to this. On the four tracks of the album these five musicians travel through so many time changes and rhythms you begin to lose count. Their music is now more electrically orientated than earlier explorations, thus greater emphasis is placed on keyboards - 'Lament' illustrates this; from a simple acoustic guitar with recorder and bassoon format they build to a magnificent climax with drums and synthesizers flying around.

Gryphon believe that the 20th century interpretation of renaissance music has been misplaced; instead of highly structured pieces, musicians then were more into jamming. When you hear tracks such as 'Opening Move' and 'Checkmate' you begin to realize that *Gryphon* might be attempting a 'truer' interpretation of this musical form. Anyway however much one agrees with their contention, the music they produce is certainly some of the most original and spellbinding to come out of England.

Flowing around the middle of the British music scene are countless numbers of groups putting out a lot of good time rock and roll in stark contrast to the more cerebral offerings of some of their peers. *Man* as a nifty rock powerhouse with a ton of energy to expend, qualifies for this category. Evolving from Britain's early

contacts with the psychedelic movement, this Welsh band became one of Britain's answers to the San Francisco scene. Their earlier albums were thus full of extended pieces with lengthy improvisations on par with some of Quicksilver's flashier moments. I can remember being impressed at the time by *Man*'s first album, many years ago, though now my only memory is of an awful track containing the simulated sighs of a woman in the throes of orgasm.

Today they have obviously abandoned their earlier sound and modified their appeal to the 70's audience, streamlining the jamming to carefully structured innovative shorter tracks, though the early grand vision still surfaces at times, witness the Rick Griffin cover artwork. After listening to this album - "Slow Motion" (United Artists) - I wonder why I have ignored much of their past recordings. Their work is so enjoyable because of the obvious dedication to performing solid diverse material with all the songs containing little touches with knock you out. 'Grasshopper' ends with a beautiful, hazy hypnotic string arrangement, while 'Hard way to die' ripples with some amazing guitar work evoking the feeling of rag dolls flopping around. For an all-time git-down boogie 'You Don't Like Us' can't be beat and the final cut, 'Day and Night' Deke Leonard and Micky Jones really let rip with their guitar talents, channeling enough energy to at least get you to Venus.

Man have obviously put a lot of thought into "Slow Motion" and have consequently emerged as a really exciting band. One reviewer has referred to them as the British Steely Dan, and such a comparison isn't ungrounded, both of them being highly innovative and entertaining. Besides, anyone who lets a friend of mine stay with them must be pretty nice.

John Entwistle obviously views himself as a talented solo artist, having produced more albums on his own than the other members of the Who combined. From the image of the strong silent bass player, he has transformed himself into the spotlight leader of a good time band called *Ox*. *Ox* was his nickname for the early Who and now it is used to front an assemblage of 50's inspired rock and soul songs, on "Mad Dogs" (MCA).

The revamping of early rock and roll has been just as popular in Britain as America, *Sha Na Na* probably being even more popular on the other side of the Atlantic. Roy Wood's *Wizzard* has been recently stirring ancient memories, John Lennon has just put out a collection of classics, and now, John Entwistle has a bash, though all the songs are new, being his own compositions.

As a singer, Entwistle is no Jerry Lee, but he tries hard and is quite effective on most of the speedy rockers, like 'Lady Killer' and 'I fall to Pieces' where a punchy brass section adds needed weight and Tony Ashton plays some nifty rock-a-billy piano. Although most of the cuts are similar in pace, he turns down the volume on a sweet crooning Platters-inspired tale of rejected teen love, on the track 'You can Be

So Mean' and he resurrects a Spector-Ronnettes sound for 'Mad Dog' with three women singing the lead on this "My Boyfriend's Back and you'd better Watch Out" story.

All the tracks are early youth reminiscences balancing between how awful to how great it all was. As far as I can remember, it was pretty fucked and the sooner we forget about romantic interpretations the better. As a lyricist he can be wickedly funny - "Me and Mooney were in Cell No. 7, He dribbled on my jacket in Cell No. 7" from 'Cell No. 7.'

We are soon reaching a saturation stage with this kind of material and I'm not sure how long interest can be sustained. Someone with the stature of Lennon can carry it off, but John Entwistle is going to have to excel himself more if he wants to be seriously considered in these stakes. Although "Mad Dogs" may be a good laugh, little of the stature of the Who has rubbed off.

The flash and glitter of the heavy metal bands in England hasn't dissipated yet. A whole slew of androgenised wonder boys slip on their space suits now and wrestle with their electric phalli every night, and all because of a man named Bowie who knew how to successfully tap the pulse of a post war, estranged youth movement. Mick Ronson is gradually muscling his way to the forefront of this movement, hard on the heels of his mentor, Mr. Bowie, for whom he used to play lead guitar and act as fellow actor in the sexual play which graced Bowies performances. No longer content with lingering at the back of the stage he has leapt to the front with the release of two solo albums.

"Play don't worry" (RCA) is Ronson's second album and is a great achievement over the first, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." Hard rock is still the name of the game, but he does interject some surprisingly mellow moments like 'This is for you' and 'The empty bed' where he simply sings over an acoustic guitar and string background. Vocally he sometimes sounds a little strained and shines best when he shyly imitates Bowie on 'Woman,' however his instrumental dexterity overshadows any vocal loss. On many tracks, apart from some hot guitar work, he plays drums, harmonica, piano, bass, synthesiser and recorders; English musicians sure are turning out to be one man virtuosos!

Most of his own compositions deal with the fragility of the word around and his consequent need to muster his defenses. 'Billy Porter' is part of this nightmare offering a fascinating portrayal of a near mugging - an English experience of turbulent urban America complete with a whining police siren closing the song. Doubts of his own performance and importance are sown on the title track, 'Play don't worry' finally though, the attraction of the bright lights is enough to dampen these fears.

When he is dealing with other peoples material, the fireworks start to fly. An innocuous piano introduces Magic Lou's 'White light, White heat,' then it's eyes down for a faithful mindblasting reproduction of this classic. With a boisterous version of 'Girl can't help it' all the stops are pulled as Ronson's raunchy guitar lets fly.

As well as adding some flair to various bands (Bowie's and briefly for Mott the Hoople) Mick Ronson is obviously carving out an interesting solo career for himself with records such as "Play Don't Worry". The tinsel might clutter things occasionally, but as long as good vibrant music like this is being produced, it can do no harm; a bit of glamour brightens up any day!

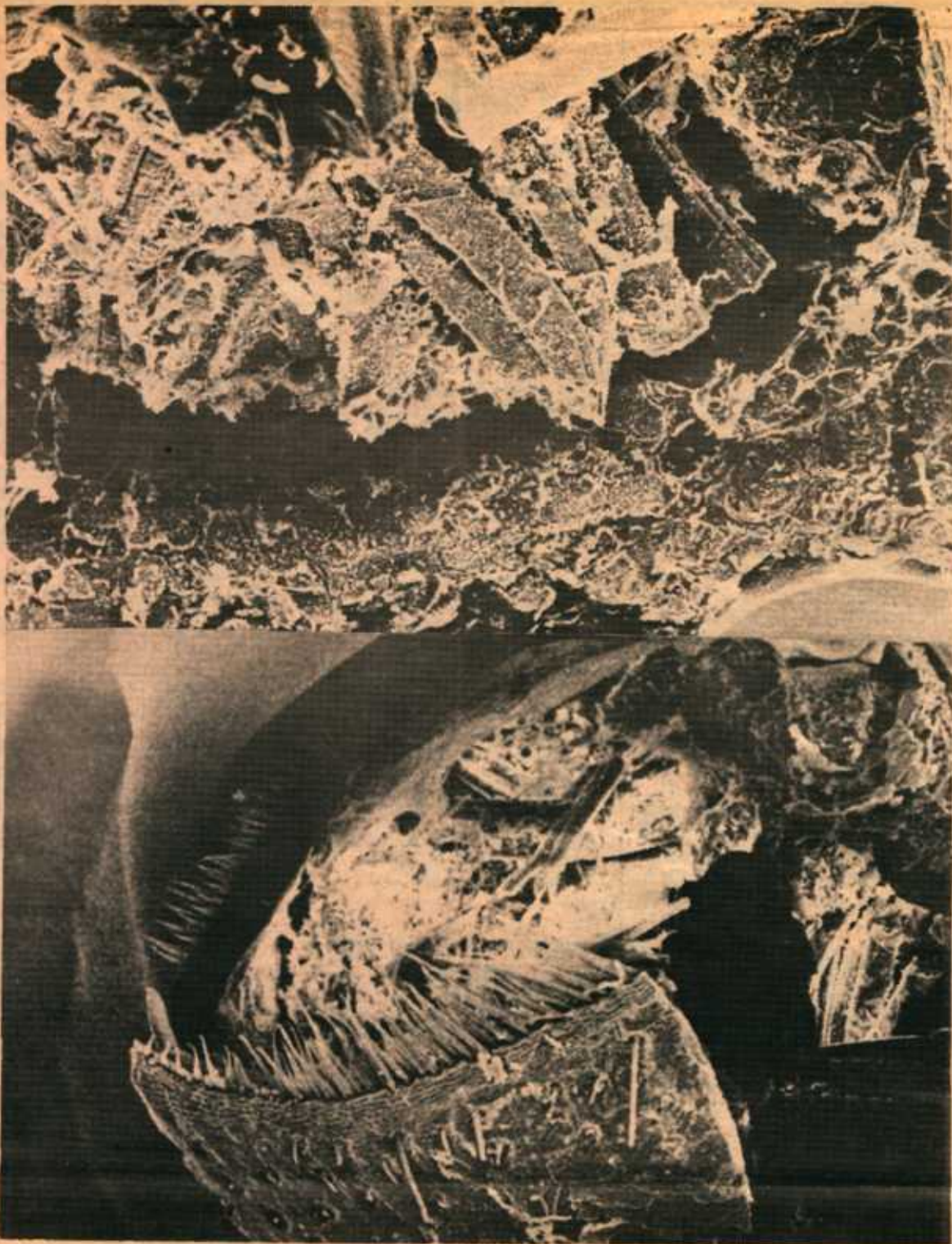


Photo by Keith Legerat.

BUSHWHACKER

BY
Dean T. Jackson
A Black Folk Tale

Everybody is hip to everybody else in a small town so it's impossible to live a lie, the way people in big cities do. Big Lipped Sidney was the exception. This dude broke the rule he went for "bad" and got away with the pretence, even though it's common knowledge "the only bad dude is a dead one".

Sidney had always been loud mouthed, bogartish, and noted for selling wolf tickets, but the reasons which brought about his "bad" reputation were, Chance, Luck, and plain old Saturday night foolishness.

It happened just after Sidney and Mabel had busted up in the days when he was known as just plain old Sidney. They'd been shacking for years and split up as many times. Not that they didn't love each other, but a situation where two people can't get along with each other or without each other. Sidney and Mabel boxed regularly and their fighting, both public and private, was legend in town.

Anyway, Mabel was a foxy little button, bodacious as hell and very fast. She loved night life so it was just natural that she kept going to the club even after the break-up.

She was laid up at the bar beside some good looking Airman when Sidney pimped in. Now Mabel knew they'd patch things up but she needed to make Sidney jealous

for the fun of it, and to get even with him. That way he'd be more appreciative of her when they got back together.

The crowd was all there and everybody knew Sidney and Mabel well. The thing that really got next to Sidney was that Mabel was with a flyboy. Nobody, least ways, none of the men, liked flyboys because they came into town with nothing else to do with their money but spend it on women. The crowd, including Sidney, was thinking that Mabel might have it in her vicious little mind to give the Airman some grudge pussy. So Sidney was the center of a very tense and anxious attention when he made it into the club.

The Airman Mabel had latched onto was no ordinary soldier. He was from "The City, New York City", which meant that he knew all there was to street life and was hip to this particular kind of situation. To put it bluntly he was very "down", and no small town person could ever hope to match wits with him.

The Airman scoped-out the situation instantly and glanced knowingly at his buddy across the bar. He wasn't going to be used as a guinea pig by some hick woman whose jealously crazied man might cut, shoot or even kill him. Of course the Airman knew, "the only bad dude is a dead one", axiom, but he had sense enough to realize, when you mess with another man's woman the element

of crazy is suddenly mixed into the game.

"What the hell you doin' wit my woman fool?" Sidney barked, yanking the Airman off the barstool.

Quick as lightning the Airman jumped away from Sidney crouching into a karate stance. He became deadly silent and his eyes trained on Sidney and poised like a cobra ready to strike.

Now all this happened in the days before Americans' commercial preoccupation with Oriental Martial Arts. Before everybody could watch "Kung Fu" on T.V.. People didn't know much about karate, except it was deadly and mysterious. A form of self-defense from the strange and cunning bowels of the Orient.

When the Airman's buddy suddenly yelled out through the bar, "Look out, he knows Karate! His hands are registered as lethal weapons!!", the crowd froze in excitement.

"Karate my ass, I don't care who he knows." Sidney shouted back moving cautiously forward with his guard up.

"O.K., you've been warned, that's all the law requires." the buddy warned loudly.

The crouched Airman began a deep rasping growl in his gut and his whole body trembled. Sidney stopped in his tracks.

"Karate don't stop no bullets!" he declared triumphantly, "You bed not be here when I come back

wit my piece!" he warned and left the club for his gun.

Had things stopped here; had the Airman not been smart, had there been less vengeance and retribution in the female soul and had Sidney not dum-dummed his bullets by cutting Xs on the noses; then it would have been just another Saturday night incident and Sidney would have never become Big Lipped Sidney a living legend to be brought down in the oral tradition of the town. But the man was from New York, Mabel was a little hellion, and Sidney was destined to get his permanent big lip, reputation for being bad and improving his love life.

At home, Sidney found both his magnums and .22 revolver in the dresser drawer. He took all three, but at the door decided that a .22 hand pistol with dum-dum bullets would hardly kill a rabbit. One magnum each was enough artillery for his front pockets. He left the weak .22 on the coffee table and rushed back to the club.

The Airman knew nothing about Karate except the word. The smart thing for him was to get out of the club quick. Already the small town crowd of yokels had begun to eye him hostilely. Mabel was burning with the "hots" for the good looking Airman and insisted on going along. The Airman figured that it would be easier and more graceful to get rid of her out and away from the club. Pressed for time and an explanation he let her come along.

But this was in the old days, a fact which worked to the Airman's advantage. In the days when oral sex was a cardinal sin and even unmentionable to small town black culture. The Airman, being a man of the world from New York City, naturally knew how backward and homespun small town folk were. When he asked Mabel could they go down on each other 69 style he knew exactly what her reaction would be.

She was outdone. A body couldn't be more utterly filthy and lowdown than to use their mouth on another body. Right then and there Mabel asked out of the car. The Airman with a great del of pleasure and relief sped back to the safety of the Base.

Mabel had plenty of time to think about not having her pussy eaten on the way home. A girlfriend who'd moved to the Big City, had come back on a visit and sworn by head as the most satisfying pleasure in the world. Yes, the Airman had put it on Mabel's mind and by the time she got home she was sorry she'd missed the luscious opportunity. She was also furious with Sidney, the cause of all of this. She longed for the handsome Airman and her bad feet hurt from the long walk, making things worse. When Mabel saw the .22 on the coffee table she knew what she had to do.

Just as she reached the edge of the driveway the lights of Sidney's car rounded the corner and she ducked into the bushes.

Sidney stepped out of the car. Mabel was so angry by now at not having her pussy eaten that she made a sound identical to the one the Airman had crouched in his karate stance. Sidney swung around pulling his magnum. He saw nothing but the flash of the weak twenty two. He felt the bullet hit his upper teeth, fragment and ricochet back into his upper lip. He fell to the driveway hollering, "I'm dead, lord I'm dead!"

He would have died, too. He was in a state of semi-shock from the karate growl plus being bushwhacked. He would have lain there all night thinking he was dead and bled to death if Mabel's love hadn't come down. She realized what she'd done, rushed over and dragged him into the house.

When he came to at the hospital

Sidney kept raving about how the Airman had bushwhacked him and Mabel felt it best to let Sidney think that. The next day the story was that Sidney had been bushwhacked by the cowardly Airman. Sidney let it be known that he carried a gun for the Airman. When the tape and bandage came off Sidney's lip it was permanently puffy and swollen with a little tit shaped piece of meat protruding directly from the center.

At first people called him Big Lipped Sidney behind his back but as time wore on he was proud to be called that to his face. The story got twisted so that Sidney had been a hero and carried a gun. He was not be messed with. If Sidney had been loudmouthed and a bully before he was twice that after the incident.

One good thing came out of the whole mess. What the Airman put on Mabel's mind came true and the tit on Big Lipped Sidney's lip made it even better for Mabel who never strayed from Sidney again.

In the end, Big Lipped Sidney was the best bushwhacker of all.



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Child-care program organized for Cal-State parents

The San Bernardino City School's Adult Education Program is expanding their Parent Participation Nursery Class at Hillside School (located at Mayfield & 49th Streets, near Electric Street and North Park) so that California State College, San Bernardino parents may enroll. The College is loaning the Child Care Center equipment bought from Revenue Sharing Funds from the city of San Bernardino, to the city schools district for the Hillside program.

This program is a cooperative nursery class for children 3, 4 and 5 years old and their parents. Children can not be accepted unless, the parent, is enrolled as a student with the Adult Education Program.

There are two sessions: Morning, 5 days a week from 8:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and afternoon Tuesday - Friday, 12:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. The Adult Education class is held Monday evenings for three hours at Hillside School. Parents are required to participate in the nursery program 3 hours a week and attend the class Monday evenings.

The ASB has supplied funds to hire a student assistant to open the program early and to be there during lunch. In this way student-

parents having early classes or noon classes will be able to leave their children at Hillside School. The Adult Education Nursery School Program will therefore be open at 7:45 a.m. and run until 3:00 p.m.

The registration fee is \$3.00 plus \$3.00 for insurance. There will be a monthly supply fee of \$10.00. Each parent enrolling a child in the nursery program must sign up with the teacher, June Franks, Hillside School, 4-C, prior to Spring Quarter.

Each parent enrolling a child in the nursery program must agree to work three hours, one day a week, in the nursery class. The parent will also be required to attend one evening parent meeting a week. This course gives the parent the opportunity to learn how small children relate to each other and how the parent can help the child's intellectual and social development.

There is also a possibility of including 2½ year olds if there are a sufficient number of children in that age group. Students having questions can contact Deam Gaye Perry, in the Student Services Building, Room 114 or telephone 887-6311, extension 393 for further information.

M.E.Ch.A. News

The Chicano Faculty and M.E.Ch.A. are currently making plans for Dia de Education to be held on campus April 9th. The purpose of Dia de Education is to provide Chicano High School students with information regarding college programs and majors. One of our goals has also been to recruit more Chicano Students to CSCSB. This year, if a student feels he or she is not ready for a four-year college, we will attempt to encourage them to attend a jr. college or a technical school.

If you are interested in helping make final plans for this day or would like to help during the workshops, contact David Alvarez or Arnold Resendez. We need your help to make Dia de Educacion an informative and interesting event for the visiting Chicano Students. Lets show them we care!

The first dance practice of CSCSB's Ballet Folklorico will be held on Saturday, March 8, 12:30 - 3:30 p.m.

M.E.Ch.A. meetings are held on Wednesdays at 12 noon in LC 256. If you are unable to attend meetings but want to help during M.E.Ch.A. activities, contact David Alvarez.

This Week

Tuesday		
Mar. 4	High School Choral Fest.	8:00 AM to 6:00 PM LC-500
	A.S. Executive Cabinet Mtg.	8:00 AM SS-171
	Cont. Ed. - Forest Service	9:00 AM to 5:00 PM C-104, 125, 126
	H.S. Choral Fest. Luncheon	12:00 NOON C-219
	Christian Life Club Mtg.	12:00 NOON LC-277
Wednesday		
Mar. 5	Christian Prayer & Fellowship	8:00 AM LC-206
	LDSSA Mtg.	8:00 AM LC-204
	Cont. Ed. - Forest Service	9:00 AM to 4:00 PM C-104, 125, 126
	Ski Film "Powder for the People"	12:00 NOON P.E.-129
	SCAN Mtg.	12:00 NOON C-219
	Newman Club Mtg.	12:00 NOON LC-277
	BMC, Rho Zeta Chi, AKPsi	12:00 NOON LC-500
	Speaker-Hap Pitkin from TRW	
	Psych. Colloquium-Steve Morin	3:00 PM PS-202
	"Homosexism: Trends & Issues In Theory & Research"	
	Play "She Stoops to Conquer"	8:15 PM L. Thr.
Thursday		
Mar. 6	Cont. Ed. - Forest Service	9:00 AM to 4:00 PM C-104, 125, 126
	Spanish Club Mtg.	12:00 NOON LC-204
	I.O.C. Mtg.	1:00 PM C-219
	Woodpushers Anonymous	7:00 PM to 11:00 PM SS-Atrium
	Chess Games	11:00 PM
	Play "She Stoops to Conquer"	8:15 PM L. Thr.
	Art Lecturer-Prof. Kabak	8:00 PM FA-104
	"The Necessity for Art"	
Friday		
Mar. 7	Advisory Comm. Mtg.	11:00 AM to 2:00 PM C-219
	Nursing Exams	2:00 PM to 4:00 PM PS-10
	Play "She Stoops to Conquer"	8:15 PM L. Thr.
Saturday		
Mar. 8	Upward Bound Mtg.	9:00 AM to 12:00 NOON LC-27, 42
	Cont. Ed. -Travel Abroad	9:00 AM to 1:30 PM C-104
	Choral Rehearsal	12:00 NOON to 4:00 PM PS-10
	For. Film "Les Bonnes Femmes"	7:00 PM to 9:30 PM PS-10
	Play "She Stoops to Conquer"	8:15 PM L. Thr.
Sunday		
Mar. 9	Choral Concert	7:30 PM to 10:30 PM PS-10
Monday		
Mar. 10	LDSSA Mtg.	8:00 AM LC-204
	Biology Club Mtg.	9:00 AM BI-225
	Student Assoc. Soc. Workers Mtg.	12:00 NOON LC-204

Forensics Team Plans Tournament

The Cal-State Forensics Team, directed by John Caputo of the Drama Department, is preparing for it's first tournament March 7 & 8 at Rio Hondo College. Participants will include students from throughout the Pacific and South-western states. Two debate teams and an additional seven individual students are entered in the competition.

The students who will be competing in the Rio Hondo Tour-

namment are; Nina Williamson, Andy Sencak, Clint Rees, Gary DeLeon, Alex Lujan, Becky McGarrah, and Howard Peterson.

John Caputo feels that the Forensics Team has had a very exciting beginning and he hopes to enter the team in one in-state and one out-of-state tournament during the spring quarter.

The Forensics Team has just received state funding for the spring quarter and these funds pay

for the expenses of the team when they travel to a tournament.

All of the students presently in the Forensic Practicum plan on continuing in the Spring, but there is room for additional interested students.

Any students interested should either contact John Caputo, Drama Dept. or sign up for Drama 325, Forensics Practicum for the Spring Quarter.



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